

## April Showers Bring May Flowers by Glitter\_Bug

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**Summary:**

“Need a ride, Harrington?” he calls and Steve freezes. They’re not exactly the first words Billy’s said to him since that night, but it’s probably the most in one go. Steve doesn’t answer. Figures it’s just a taunt. Waits for the ‘April Fools’ to follow even though it’s after noon so technically *Billy* would be the fool in this scenario.

Steve figures that Billy’s not big on things like the technicalities of made-up holidays.

## April Showers Bring May Flowers

### Author's Note:

This is written for the [HarringroveApril](#) challenge I co-created with Mono on Twitter!  
Come join us!

The first day of April may not technically be the start of Spring, but it's definitely the first time that it actually starts to *feel* like Spring. At the very least, it's the first time that Steve feels comfortable leaving his heavy jacket at home and facing the day in his windbreaker instead, the light material just right for the sudden rush of sunshine and the light breeze that heralds the start of the new month. And Steve supposes he should count himself lucky that he gets to experience all the joys of spring firsthand. Gets to take in the wonder of nature as he trudges along the road to school. Gets to see the frolicking lambs and smell the blooming flowers and feel the warmth of the sun on his skin.

Because his goddamn car won't start.

And of course his Dad's still away at some work thing and his Mom is nowhere to be found. And of course the only decent mechanic in town doesn't open for another two hours. Because it's April Fools Day and so of course the universe is going to take the opportunity to play a trick on him. That's just how things work now.

The temptation just to skip is a strong one. He could consider his unresponsive Beemer an act of God, a sign to just head back to bed and try again tomorrow.

But he's already coasting close to failing this year. He needs every chance he can get. And he's never quite grown out of that streak of stubbornness that means the more the world is telling him *not* to do something, the more likely he is to want to do it.

So Steve shrugs on his backpack, changes his newest Nikes for a pair of old, well-worn Chucks, grabs his Walkman and sets out on his way.

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Six hours later, when the bell goes for the end of the day, Steve realises- not for the first time in his life- what an idiot he's been. His backpack is now laden down with three more heavy textbooks, his feet have obviously grown a half size since the last time he wore the Chucks because his toes are blistering and the skin on his left heel is rubbed red raw with every step, and the batteries on his Walkman have gone flat because he accidentally left it playing while it was stashed in his locker.

And he's pretty certain the route home is uphill most of the way. He decides to try his luck at bagging a ride. It's the kind of thing that would've been no trouble at all just a year ago, hell he'd have had a whole gaggle of hangers-on desperate to have the honour of driving the King home. It would've been something they'd boast about for days.

But now his pickings are definitely a lot slimmer. He stands around and tries to make himself look approachable and charming, flicking his hair and putting on the big eyes for anyone who even half turns his way.

He barely lasts a minute, confidence ebbing with every student who walks past and ignores him, before deciding he might need a slightly more proactive approach, and sets his sights on a familiar freckled face. Tommy might not be his best friend anymore, or even any kind of level of 'friend', but they're not exactly enemies, surely? And Steve's in need right now, the kind of need that surely trumps a few harsh words and a little scuffle and might be just the thing to mend the widening chasm between them.

Steve prepares for it like Tommy's some giggly girl he's planning to take out to share a milkshake at Rosie's. He licks his lips, runs a hand through his hair and brushes the non-existent dust from his jacket before sauntering over with his hands in his pockets, cool as anything.

"Hey, Tommy, my, uh, my car's kinda...fucked today. Mind if I-?" Steve's pulling the passenger door open before Tommy can say a word, but then there's a slim hand pushing it back shut, neon-pink nails tapping against his hand and Carol is smirking at him, that mean, condescending smile she reserves for the band kids and anyone who dares to have better hair than her on picture day.

"Uh, yeah. No can do, Stevie," she trills, voice far too saccharine sweet to be actually kind, "Tommy and I have plans tonight. With friends," she punctuates the word with a pop of her gum and a rather pointed look, "So. No time for dawdling. Sorry."

Her face screws up in a pitying expression, but the glint in her eyes is pure malice, and Steve can only shrug in response, mumbling a half-hearted insult under his breath as he walks away, trying not to think about the fact that Tommy still hadn't said a word, hadn't even tried to argue against Carol.

Steve turns his back on the car as it pulls away, fighting to urge to give a one fingered salute to Tommy's rear-view mirror. Instead, he whirls around with a huff, his heart sinking when he notices Billy Hargrove leaning against his Camaro, clearly having just had a front row seat to Steve's most recent humiliation. He waits for the jibes, the '*how the mighty have fallen.*' or even just a laugh. Harsh and biting and *mean*. More likely it'll be nothing at all but the roar of an engine and the smell of petrol as the Camaro rushes past him, coming far too close for comfort.

Instead, Billy raises his hand in a lazy wave, "Need a ride, Harrington?" he calls and Steve freezes. They're not exactly the first words Billy's said to him since *that* night, but it's probably the most in one go. Steve doesn't answer. Figures it's just a taunt. Waits for the '*April Fools*' to follow even though it's after noon so technically *Billy* would be the fool in this scenario. Steve figures that Billy's not big on things like the technicalities of made-up holidays.

But Billy only taps his watch, "Meter's running, dude."

It's a trap, Steve knows it. Some way to get him alone and finish what he started at the Byers'. And Steve knows he's an idiot with no sense of self-preservation, but even he won't go walking straight into this one.

He shakes his head,

"Thanks, but no thanks, Hargrove. I'd rather walk than get in a car with you."

It's like someone is listening. The same someone who messed with his car this morning. Some damn trickster God whose only purpose is to

fuck shit up for Steve Harrington in particular. Because no sooner have the words left his mouth than there's a familiar earthy smell and, moments later, the heavens are opening, drenching Steve from head to toe and sending the milling, underdressed students around him running for cover.

Billy raises an eyebrow, smirking like he's the one responsible for the downpour, "Just get the fuck in, Cola-Boy,"

Steve's scowl turns into a frown of confusion and Billy barks out a laugh, walking over and tugging at the now-soaked fabric of Steve's red and white striped windbreaker, "Definitely America's real choice," he teases, but it sounds warm, friendly. Not exactly a cutting insult, "C'mon, Harrington. 'Fore we both get washed away."

Steve's isn't sure if it's the unceasing torrent of rain, or the thought of the long walk home on already tired legs and throbbing feet. Maybe it's the fact that the parking lot has cleared and there's no one around to witness whatever potential humiliation Billy has in store.

Maybe it's the way Billy's hand flattens against Steve's jacket. The way he smooths down the crease he made and then lets his fingers linger for a few seconds too many. Maybe it's the way his blue eyes lock on to Steve's as his smirk softens into a genuine smile.

Whatever the reason, Steve follows him to the car.

He's on edge for the first mile, digging his fingers into the leather of the seat and leaving crescent shaped indents as Billy whips round corners with absolutely no respect for the Camaro's tyres or Steve's already frayed nerves, but he starts to relax when Billy takes his foot off the gas just a little, lowers the volume of the radio and actually starts to talk. He asks Steve about his car troubles. Nods knowingly and mentions words like strokers and rubbers and ball joints and a load of other things that Steve is pretty sure he's making up to try and get Steve to laugh. Steve holds out pretty well until Billy says that he might need to 'torque his nuts' and that does it. Steve can't help the snort that escapes, and then Billy's laughing too, all tension evaporating as they take turns naming even ruder sounding car parts. It's silly, juvenile, two almost-adults giggling over 'blower' and 'piston' but it's the most damn fun Steve's had in a while, and it feels far too soon before they're pulling up outside the Harrington house.

Steve takes his time collecting his things, fiddling with the zip of his

jacket and he turns the words over and over in his mind before he dares ask,

"Do you, uh, you wanna take a look at it?" he points over to his Beemer, "Poke at the nuts or whatever you said? I could, uh...I've got beers and..."

Steve trails off as Billy's grin falters and his mouth drops open, seemingly shocked by the offer. There's silence for a minute, like Billy's processing the words. Needing to think about them just as much as Steve did. He shakes his head slowly, sadly,

"Nah, I don't, uh, I'm not actually that good with cars," his fingers drum on the steering wheel, twitching rapidly and he fakes a smile, "Only really know enough to keep this piece of shit going."

Steve can't hide the way his own face falls, "Shit. Guess I'm walking again tomorrow."

He doesn't mean it as a hint. Not really. But he still feels a rush of disappointment when Billy only clicks his tongue sympathetically and shrugs, "Sucks to be you, man," before pulling away, executing a screeching turn in the Harrington's driveway and then sticking his hand out of the window, combining a flick of his cigarette with a casual wave back to Steve.

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It's still raining the next day.

Steve curses his bad luck, tries his car again to no avail and then heads into his parents' room to dig right into the back of their walk-in closet, desperately searching for the umbrella he *knows* has to be in there. The big golf one emblazoned with the logo of his Dad's company. It's garish, pretentious, and the only thing he can think of that might keep him dry from the torrent raging outside.

He's just spotted a familiar pistol-grip handle when a familiar roar outside has him jolting up in surprise, bashing the side of his head against the shelf holding his mother's collection of Sunday-best hats.

The engine rumble is followed by the blast of a horn. Long, loud and abrasive and almost certainly intended to attract some kind of complaint from the neighbours.

Steve runs to the window, throws it open and leans out, waving to grab Billy's attention. He knows he's been spotted when the horn ceases, but he's not expecting the driver's door to open and for Billy to lean out into the rain and look up at him, blonde curls quickly getting plastered down onto his forehead,

"Not got all morning, Harrington. You coming?"

Steve shoots a double thumbs up back at him, instantly regretting his own dorkiness before he dashes down the stairs, taking them two and a time and nearly tripping, and making it out of the door in record time.

He pauses, just before he opens the front door. Wonders if he's imagined the whole thing. Tells himself there's still a chance it's a trick, that he'll throw open the door and be faced with the back of the Camaro and Billy's middle finger.

But Billy's still there. Waiting. And Steve grins in relief as he slides into the passenger seat. He turns to throw his backpack into the back when he notices a few things already there, resting on the seat. A toolbox, a set of jumper cables and a book, thick and heavy, larger lettering proclaiming it to be an old BMW Maintenance Handbook.

Billy catches him looking and flushes a little,

"It's a bit outdated but, uh, I figured I could have a look. Tonight? Might be able to figure something out? Can't be too difficult, right?" He looks away, rubbing at the back of his neck, "That is, uh, if you haven't found another ride home."

Steve bites down on his grin. Tries not to sound too enthusiastic when he answers, "No, uh, no other...yeah that'll...that'll be good. Thanks."

They drive away in silence. And Steve hates the way that Billy still looks uncomfortable, so he plasters on an innocent expression and asks, "Billy, uh, you think... my car? You think it might need a new lube job?"

The way Billy snorts out a laugh, and the way he turns to Steve afterwards, with red cheeks and a look of pure mirth on his face, has Steve thinking that he might need to offer more than a beer later. Might even stretch to a full sixer and a pizza from one of the better places in town. Might not even matter if his car doesn't get fixed after

all.